

LITERARY NEWS, VIEWS AND CRITICISM

A. E. W. MASON'S NOVEL
OF PARLIAMENTARY LIFE

The Author Knows What He's
Writing About, Having Sat
in the House.

HERO'S MAIDEN SPEECH
Account of It Convincing,
Whether or Not It's Auto-
biographical.

The incidents of Mr. Mason's parliamentary career are clearly reflected in "The Turnstile." Even the American reader feels that certain Parliamentary leaders of recent years have contributed to the making of these fictitious leaders. Probably some of the personal experiences of Mr. Mason in making his canvass and his own feelings in first addressing the House of Commons are reproduced in the vivid narrative of Harry Ramer's own political career.

Mr. Mason was elected a member of Parliament in 1906 after writing several novels. The English *Bookman* says of his career there:

"He signalled his advent in the House of Commons with a notable maiden speech, proved himself shrewd and eloquent in debate and if he had not escaped we might in due season have been the richer by a sagacious and sympathetic Cabinet Minister and one brilliant novelist the poorer. But fortunately the fascinations of the Mother of Parliaments are not so potent as the charms of that nation who presides over the doings of all good novelists and at the last general election Mr. Mason was not to be persuaded to offer himself as a candidate again."

In Ramer, hero of "The Turnstile," who falls in love with Cynthia Daventry, idealist and heiress, Mr. Mason pictures a forceful, calculating man somewhat of an adventurer who leads an expedition to the south pole to gain a reputation, which will enable him to leave the navy for politics. Mr. Mason's hero's maiden speech, even if it isn't pictured from fact, is at any rate extremely realistic and convincing.

"He was conscious of the lack of a table in front of him or the barrier of a platform—something on which he could rest his hand. He felt strangely defenceless without it. He faltered through his opening sentences in a voice which sounded to his ears weak and thin as a ghost's. He saw a member take off his hat on the opposite benches, rise and make his way out; and at once he was certain that he was making a dismal failure. Suddenly he remembered one member who had risen to speak, had been called upon and had sunk back in his seat without uttering more than a few unintelligible words. Was this to be the same fate, he asked himself. And asking himself he lost the thread of what he was saying and with a gasp retrieved it."

"It seemed to me," he said in describing the scene, "that I stood there dumb and helpless for twenty seconds. As a matter of fact, the interval was so short that even my eyes did not notice it. I suppose that only a really trained fraction of a second, really."

"He was speaking, too, with a hazy before his eyes and his hands clutching at the edges of his coat. But he went on, and then quite suddenly the haze thinned so that he saw the House and he heard his voice ringing out clear and firm, not loud but clear, filling the chamber and with just that note of deference which he had planned to strike and had struck because the deference was sincere. He turned and saw that a table in front of him; he looked down the House toward the clock above the entrance door and saw that the bar was thronged with members."

"Curiosity, no doubt, had brought them in from the library and the smoking room and the lobby when his name went up on the tape—he had after all, a reputation. He, the least romantic of men, had some aura of romance about him in that assembly; enough at all events to lure a momentary interest. But when he spoke, as he spoke in a voice that went steadily forward with the rhythm of marching men, he saw now, now another, come out from the throng at the bar and slip into a chair with a thrill of joy he realized that he was not failing, and now he was not going to fail."

"The House had filled since he had risen and on all the benches there was a great quiet. He turned toward the Speaker's chair. The space at the sides of it was crowded too. He saw more than one member, Minister playing. Above, behind the grill, he saw the big hats and shadowy forms of the ladies in the gallery and here and there the gleam of an ornate stole against the light behind them."

"That happened to him again which had happened in the Corn Exchange at Ludsey. He turned over the consequences of his argument and the consequences of his book. He was master of himself. He worked in his predecessor's points and replied to them with force and without offence because he knew just the points he had foreseen. He provided answers to them from his opponents; he had foreseen them and was ready, and the cheers broke out from the benches about him and behind him. He spoke for just twenty minutes. The applause, generous and friendly, came from both sides of the House when he resumed his seat. The Minister in the chair across the gangway and shook him by the hand."

"Ramer leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. So the third step of the great career had been taken. He had been chosen candidate, he had been elected member, he had made something of a small triumph out of his maiden speech."

Rousseau in England.

From the *London Chronicle*.
Part of Rousseau's story in England was spent at Chiswick, where he lodged over a small grocer's shop. "The philosopher sits in the shop," writes a contemporary, "and learns English words, which brings many customers to the place."

The grocer must have been sorry to lose so alluring a lodger, but David Hume, who brought Rousseau to England, was heartily glad when he returned to France. After his departure he described Rousseau as "a composition of whims, after a taste, whimsical, vain, and incoherent, with a very small, in any, ingredient of madness."

His Favorite Character.

From the *London Evening Standard*.
"Who is your favorite character in fiction?" we asked a large youth on an occasion when we were foolishly gathering such statistics for a literary magazine.

"My favorite character is Othello," said the youth with a sigh.
"Othello? Othello? You have never heard of Othello?"
"He's the leading man in every story."
"What does he do?"
"He's always on time. I wish I might be like him."

NEW BOOKS.

A Story of the Soul.

The chapters in Mrs. Campbell Praeger's story "The Body of His Desire, a Romance of the Soul" (Cassell and Company) are appropriately headed with quotations from the psychologists. Lafcadio Heurn, for instance, tells us that "the dead never die utterly," and J. Briery, R. A. says: "Not a single element of any man's thought or deed is ever lost or forgotten. It goes with all its mixture of quality to vivify or burden the soul atmosphere which the future has to breathe." It will be noticed that J. Briery speaks positively. He seems to know, and it is our opinion that it would be difficult to refute him.

Emerson of course was Lafcadio Heurn's opinion regarding the vital persistence of the dead; he pointed out the futility of the red slayer's fell work. Plenty of the proverbial expressions are untrustworthy, and nobody is as dead as a doornail. To be as dead as Julius Caesar signifies nothing; if he thought he was slain he was mistaken, and his red slayers never slew him; and this being so it is hard to understand why Miss Marie Corelli, a greater psychologist than any of them, a lady who has proved at great length and very beautifully in her novels that there is no such thing as death—thanks to the radiance that is in us—should make a habit of saying of one or another of her characters who has met with extreme disaster (as for instance, a dizzy villain who has fallen five miles from a balloon, or a brutal drunkard and father of a family who has gone to sleep in the road and been run over by a long procession of automobiles) that he was "quite dead." Of course the villain and the drunkard were saved by their radiance, an element not quenchable even by immortality. They were only imperfectly dead; or dead, if we attach only a just significance to that moderate word, but certainly as dead as an uncommonly long tumble or a great many ponderously flagellating automobiles could make them. That is what Lafcadio Heurn meant; not quite dead, but as dead as could be.

Reginald Chalmers in Mrs. Praeger's story was a preacher in London. He was eloquent and austere. His cavernous eyes seemed caves of mysterious light. Donk Van Dreen dropped in to hear him. From his speech Van Dreen was American—such an American as we find in English books. His eyes, regarding the preacher from under their pensive brows, took on "that glazed, distant look which made them seem the eyes of a seer." He was a seer in fact. He became at once aware of a species of electrical energy which seemed to permeate the preacher.

Presently the magnetic or electric emanations shed by the preacher formed a vortex of billows, which clung about him, wreathing and fluctuating. They measured about a yard through. They took shape. The head of a beautiful woman appeared. Her closed eyes were almost shaped. Her pomegranate lips were slightly parted over a gleam of pearly teeth in a deliciously provocative pout."

In a remote incarnation Chalmers had been an Egyptian priest, and he and this beautiful Neseta had been lovers. He had been lured from her by an opportunity to learn the wisdom of the lost city of Atlantis. She had seen him laid out for the sun to kiss his eyes and resuscitate him after he had seen three days dead and on a visit to the underworld. When he came to be refused to recognize her, and she had been swept up in the desert in a whirlwind and had left in a delicious blue immensity for several thousand years. Van Dreen had great mystic knowledge. He took Chalmers in hand. The minister had prepared a room in which he received Neseta. It was very ingeniously fitted up to resemble perfectly an open air expanse on the border of the Nile. The minister's head lay out for her a curious embellishment that seemed to consist of a number of broad headed tacks. By pressing in a certain sequence on certain of these tacks the door could be opened. It may be read how Neseta was called away from her peaceful life of habitation to this room in London, and how she told her story of love and wisdom from the ancient days.

It is possible that what the reader will like best in the book is the pure psychology. There is a great deal of it. Perhaps we should say again that Chalmers was an austere man. He was able to resist all errant inclinations.

Hunting for Moths.

It is not as a naturalist, but as a nature lover that Gene Stratton-Porter presents herself in "Moths of the Limberlost" (Doubleday, Page and Company) and her accounts of her experiences with the various insects she chases after have all the vivacity and attraction of her fiction stories. The moths are the incentive, but the interest is in the author's adventures with them. We can imagine no book more fitting to the budding naturalist, if the creature is a lepidopterist, which seems to be the more precise scientific term, than this story of a country girl's endeavor to learn something about the beautiful moths that excited her admiration. We have no doubt that her accounts provide also information of value to the professional naturalist.

The book is brought out in very beautiful shape. There are many splendid pictures in color, while the photographs are fully as interesting. The arrangement of the chapters is unconventional, the type and page very handsome, and the quarto size helps the publishers in their effort to produce a strikingly attractive volume.

Educational.

A strange phenomenon in modern education, a development that seemed inconceivable fifty years ago, is the apologetic tone with which the study or even the school text books. Considering the part the Bible played in the formation of American nationality, the training children received before the war and the interest in religion of some sort that prevails throughout the land, it is difficult to see why editors of books like "Old Testament Stories," by Prof. James R. Rutland (Silver, Burdett and Company, New York), should expatiate on the excellence of the English of the King James version, on the beauty of the stories, on the prevalence of Bible phrases in literature and on the fact that it meets the college requirements for admission. Prof. Rutland's edition is very well made and should accomplish what he intends it to do, but merely takes the stand that other editors of similar school texts take. Does this mean that with all the churches and the Sunday schools children no longer read the Bible and that the desire to be non-sectarian has made it taboo in the schools?

It is an age of socialization and of practical utility, and even the study of language must suffer from it. Instead of learning French and German and tramping later to extend their vocabulary in the fields into which their studies lead them, beginners are now loaded up with "historical" and "scientific" French and German, so that they may not waste their energies. Now comes a "French Newspaper Reader" by M. Felix (American Book Company). In this the extracts, to be sure, are taken from newspapers and magazines and of momentary interest. The language, however, is the ordinary French of literature; extracts describing the technicalities of the trade or containing the slang of the day would hardly be suitable for the edification of youth. Still French can be learned by reading newspaper papers as well as by reading good authors.

For all practical and educational purposes we imagined the excellent, unexpurgated, "Mermaid" edition of the Elizabethan dramatists sufficed, especially in the convenient thin paper volumes published a few years ago. It has been found advisable, however, it seems, to have an American edition for school purposes, and of this Prof. Felix E. Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania is general editor. He himself edits the volume of "Beaumont and Fletcher," Prof. William Lyons Phelps of Yale edits "Christopher Marlowe" and Prof. Ashley H. Thorndike of Columbia "Webster and Tournier." Each volume contains an introduction, four plays, a few notes and a glossary. The series is published by the American Book Company.

As a companion to their text book on "General Science" Dr. Bertha M. Clark has prepared a "Laboratory Manual in General Science" (American Book Company), describing ninety-two miscellaneous experiments. The book undoubtedly fills the requirements of some part of a school curriculum. That science should be taught in this manner, that experiments should be called for in so vast a programme of unrelated matters, looks like harking back to the "logics" taught in a single term at the old time country academies and strengthens the suspicion with which all school programmes are regarded now.

A review of education throughout the world for the year 1911 will be found in Dr. John Palmer Garber's "Current Educational Activities" (J. B. Lippincott Company). It is practically a year book of events in education that should be very helpful to teachers and others.

Foreign Parts.

A really entertaining book about England, which will be enjoyed fully as much by those who have traveled in the country as by those who look forward to doing so, has been written by Julia de Wolf Addison in "The Spell of England" (L. C. Page and Company, Boston). The author is well grounded in the history, legends and literary associations, and has read the impressions of noted writers besides. She narrates many personal experiences also, though she wisely avoids giving her narrative the form of a story of travel. She tells interesting things of all the places she mentions, omitting obvious remarks about those that are most familiar, and calling to notice many places and sights that most travelers pass by. They are the comments of an intelligent and educated woman on matters that any one who cares for England will wish to be informed. There are many excellent pictures that are not hackneyed views, for as much care has been taken with them as with the text.

The description of a European tour made in the years 1910 and 1911, in the form of letters, which first appeared in the *Springfield Republican*, makes up "Traveller's Tales" by "The Princess" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The author visited Belgium, the Rhine country and Bavaria, France, Great Britain and Spain. She gives not only her impressions of the places she saw, but also accounts of events that happened when she was in them, with digressions on politics, literature and other matters. The letters are pleasant reading and are worth preserving in book form.

There is much shrewd observation and feminine psychology in "A Shopping Guide to Paris and London" by Frances Shearer Waxman (McBride, Nast and Company, New York). The two brief articles will be helpful to those who can learn from books instead of bitter experience, for they describe the difference there is in European shops and the attitude of the shop keeper to his customer to women who know only the ways of the American department stores. There is less advertising than even in a Baedeker guide, for only a few establishments of the very first rank are mentioned.

The circular issued by the Ersten Donau-Dampfschiffahrtsgesellschaft of Vienna "Die Donau von Passau bis zum Schwarzen Meer" is unusually interesting, for it describes all the places of interest on either bank of the Danube, from the starting place of the steamboats to the mouth of the river, and the descriptions are helped out by interesting pictures. The circular suggests a trip that would be novel to many European travelers.

The Valuation of Public Utilities.

The difficult matter of appraising public utility property is cleared up somewhat in two books on this subject which have appeared simultaneously. As one of the authors intimates, there has been no standardized method of valuing utility property, and it has been a simple matter for a corporation to present figures, well enough based on facts as it appeared, to carry almost any argument. The courts and public service commissions have held widely divergent opinions also as to what elements should be introduced into a statement of public utility valuations. "Going concern value," depreciation, "good will" and other familiar phrases have been used, and the result has been a confusion of the public mind. A consistent scheme of appraisal becomes of more and more importance as the demand for rate reductions increases.

Henry Floy, a consulting engineer and a member of various civil and electrical engineering societies, has called his book "Valuation of Public Utility Properties" (McGraw-Hill Book Company). He has attempted at the beginning to clear away technical obscurity by introducing what he calls a "glossary," but which is really a chapter of rather discursive definition. He gives another chapter to a brief narrative of the formation of various public service commissions, and then speaks of the process of making appraisals. He discusses at some length structural costs and the problem of fluctuating prices, development expenses, franchises, good will and going value, and sets a chapter aside for a consideration of depreciation.

He gives at great length the details of appraisals in New York, notably those of the Third Avenue and Metropolitan street railway systems, the Coney Island and Brooklyn Railroad Company and the Kings County Lighting Company. He appends a few instances of important appraisals in Chicago, St. Louis and elsewhere.

Horatio A. Foster, a consulting engineer and author of a hand book on electrical engineering, is the writer of the other book, "Engineering Valuation of Public Utilities and Factories" (D. Van Nostrand Company). He explains the controlling factors in various kinds of value—scarcity value, working value, going concern value and similar items—explains the purposes and gives directions for the valuation of property, reproducing various blanks for noting observations. He gives useful comments on amortization and depreciation, and includes in an appendix numerous court decisions dealing with utility valuation. He illustrates his deductions with many specific instances drawn from recent public utility valuations.

Both books are useful financial and engineering commentaries, and throw much light on an intricate and disputed subject. A much less technical book on a related topic is Dr. Claude Lyndon King's "The Regulation of Municipal Utilities" (D. Appleton and Company). It is an addition to the National Municipal League Series. Dr. King, is on the University of Pennsylvania faculty. He has assembled and brought up to date various papers presented to the League, and has supplemented them with additional material where they needed it. Among the writers of papers appear the names of Milo R. McBride of the New York Public Service Commission, Deles F. Wilcox, Dugald Jackson, Thomas M. Osborne and Dr. Balthasar H. Meyer.

Summer Fiction.

A debated point in medical and moral ethics, whether it is justifiable to put an end to life when a patient is incurable and suffering intolerable pains, is the subject of M. Leon de Tinsout's "The Decision" (G. W. Dillingham Company). The hero is a French officer in the Foreign Legion, an amiable freethinker, who gallantly rescues a desperately wounded comrade and subsequently, to put an end to his sufferings and at the man's request, administers an overdose of morphine, as he believes, and the man dies. The doctor, however, had substituted a harmless fluid. The hero is obliged to fight it out with his own conscience and imagination and later on to submit the question to the judgment of the doctor of a priest and of his comrade's widow, with whom he has fallen in love; they all object to him the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." The matter is left open, however. The author puts the case fairly, but complicates it as he goes on with the difference in religious views between the doctor and the priest. The story is bright and interesting, now more than ever, in translation we cannot decide.

A simple but amusing romance of modern British society is told in a frivolous manner by Mr. J. C. Smith in "The Principal Girl" (Moffat, Yard and Company). The large class of nobleman's sons who marry actresses will be pleased at the author's justification; they are lucky if the young women they have chosen are half as capable as the heroine. The characters are all rather stagey and the tone of the conversations and of much of the narrative is that of "refined farce," the sprightly banter, too, becomes rather tiresome, when kept up throughout a long volume, but the situations are funny, the comments are generally bright and the story is quite readable.

The amusing mistake that landed a spirited young woman in a household of staid Boston bachelors in the author's previous book is repeated in Eleanor H. Porter's "Miss Billy's Decision" (L. C. Page and Company, Boston), and is far from being as funny, though it is steadily harped upon. The people are nearly all the same as in the earlier book and readers who liked them will probably enjoy hearing more about them, for they are so much alike. The things they do are slight interest, but they give opportunity for the heroine's sentimentality to overflow and for the author to comment on music. She is voluble and gossipy and there seems to be no reason why she should not continue to write about these people indefinitely.

Books for the Young.

Two excellent lessons are inculcated in "The Girls of Friendly Terrace," by Harriet Lummis Smith (L. C. Page and Company, Boston), which will make the reader forgive the rather drastic treatment the heroine lives up to her principle of thinking the best of every one and leads another girl to see that she should do what is right in her own eyes, regardless of what people may think. Whether little girls should be encouraged to go slumming is another matter. At all events the girls in this story are natural and unaffected.

In "Molly Brown's Freshman Days," by Nell Speed (Hurst and Company, New York), we evidently have the beginning of a series. It seems a pity that young men and menial jealousies should play so large a part in girls' college life. Some of the young women are attractive.

A rather unusual book, E. H. Fowler's "The Professor's Children," comes in a new impression from Longmans, Green and Company. The children are entertaining, as is almost always the case in English tales of the nursery, but they are the victims of the observation of an ab-

sent minded father, who is collecting material for a book on infant psychology. This is rather hard on the youngsters, though they succeed in reforming the professor after a while. The humor of the book only grown up people can appreciate.

"The Oakdale Boys in Camp," by Mr. Morgan Scott (Hurst and Company), is one of a series. The boys have more of the natural failings of youth than usually appear in story books and have a strong inclination to practical jokes. The fiction writer who is employed by a summer hotel to create romantic attractions for the place belongs to an older class of fiction.

A modern follower of Rollo and Mr. George appears under the clumsy title "When Mother Lets Us Travel" (Moffat, Yard and Company). The volume called "In Italy" is written by Charlotte M. Martin. It takes a family of American children through some of the more celebrated places in Italy, mingling description with adventures of travel.

Many simple games for children are described in "Play Time Games for Boys and Girls" by Emma C. Dowd (George W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia). The author has chosen to make a story of it, which in some cases is unfortunate, as the story confuses the directions.

A life that will bear retelling is that of the discoverer of America. In "The Story of Christopher Columbus," which he intends for young people, Mr. Charles W. Moore's shows judgment in telling the traditional story, unconcerned by the modern sceptics who have riddled it with their doubts. It is the Columbus story as it should be told to children.

Denmark is presented attractively to young readers in "Our Little Danish Cousin" by Luna May Innes (L. C. Page and Company). A little description of famous places, a bit of history and something about the people and their ways suffice to whet curiosity about an interesting land.

Harmless and simple stories about a family of ducks, stories such as small children enjoy, will be found, suitably illustrated in color, in Mr. Howard R. Garis's "Lulu, Alice and Jimmie Wibbles" (L. E. Fennell and Company, New York). The stories first found favor in the *Newark Evening News*.

Other Books.

The two quarto pamphlets which the University of Pennsylvania publishes, and Dr. Albert T. Clay edits with meticulous care, do honor to American scholarship, which has taken the foremost place in the study of Assyriology, and to the university, which has distinguished itself in the work of research in the field. The texts themselves will be treasured by scholars. One pamphlet contains "Business Documents of Murashu Sons of Nippur, dated in the Reign of Darius II," the other "Documents from the Temple Archives of Nippur, dated in the Reign of the Cassite Rulers."

It is the circular form that is printed, with marginal emendations from other texts, likewise in cuneiform writing. To judge of the contents the lay reviewer must wait till the promised translations appear. (The University Museum, Philadelphia.)

Ten architects describe as many types of modern country houses in "Architectural Styles for Country Homes," edited by Henry H. Saylor (McBride, Nast and Company). Each sums up briefly the merits of the type he treats of, supporting his statements with pictures of attractive houses, old and new. The volume will enable the intending builder to survey the field of possibilities with little exertion.

To compact guides for the man who has a small place in the country there seems to be no end. A thorough little essay has been written on "Apple Growing" and the possible profits to be derived from an orchard by M. C. Burritt (Outing Publishing Company). It will be helpful to those even who own only a few apple trees. Directions for other rural or suburban activities are given by W. C. Egan in "Making a Garden of Potatoes," and Claude H. Miller in "Making Paths and Driveways," both booklets issued by McBride, Nast and Company.

It seems like needless cruelty to resurrect the "sweet singer of Michigan" in order to furnish sport to a generation that has completely forgotten her. That is the avowed purpose in the publication of "The Sentimental Song Book," by Julia A. Moore (The Platt and Peck Company, New York). Whether the author is still alive we do not know; it is a long time since she has been heard from. Her efforts in verse are as ingenious as they are unoriginal, and as they are so many as they once did; there has been so long a succession of would be poets who have been guayed mercilessly since she achieved notoriety, and the sentiments she tried to express have since been put in verse by so many singers with minds as prosaic but with more conventional mastery of rhythm and rhyme. The introduction is in bad taste; but the verses can still elicit laughter from the thoughtless.

Books Received.

"Wood Sculpture," Alfred Maskell, (Methuen and Company, 2, J. Putnam's Sons).
"The Building of the Alps," T. G. Bonney, (Fisher Unwin, Charles Scribner's Sons).
"Guiana, British, French and Dutch," James R. H. Fisher Unwin, Charles Scribner's Sons.
"The Lady of Beauty, Agnes Sorel," Frank Hamel, (Brentano's).
"The Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI," Arnold H. Mathew, D.D., (Dent, London).
"Recollections of a Great Lady, Comtesse de Boigne," Edited by M. Charles Mollat, Charles Scribner's Sons.
"Some German Women and Their Salons," Mary Hargrave, (Brentano's).
"My Life at Sea," Commander W. Calus (Crutcher, John and Hall, Brentano's).
"A Year's Gleaning," Basil Hargrave, (The Westminster Press, Philadelphia).
"Swords Belicant," Max Pemberton, (G. W. Dillingham Company).
"The House of Green," Beryl Symons, (Appleton's).
"Tomboy and Others," H. R. Marriott Watson, (John Lane Company).
"The House of a Thousand Welcomes," E. R. Lippett, (John and Hall, Brentano's).
"Halcyon," Elton John, (Appleton's).
"The A. S. Jones Company," (The A. S. Jones Company).
"The Colossal Circus," Helen Mackay, (Doubleday, Page and Company).
"Bedtime Stories of Male-Believe Land," J. G.

and C. Kernahan, (The Platt and Peck Company, New York).
"Psychology of the Stock Market," G. C. Seligson, (Fisher Unwin, Charles Scribner's Sons).
"Observations on the Moral of Joseph B. Thomas, (Houghton Mifflin Company).
"The Drama of Love and Death," Edward Carpenter, (Methuen and Company).
"The Negro at Work in New York City," George P. Hays, (The Columbia University Press).
"British Nationalism, 1701-1901," Walter Phelps Hall, (Columbia University Press).
"The Spirit of Chinese Philanthropy," Yu Yue Tsai, Ph. D., (Columbia University Press).
"Solomon Vinberg, Ph. D., (Columbia University Press).
"A Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations," Arthur R. Kahn, (Columbia University Press).
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AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS.

Capt. Dynamite Johnny O'Brien, whose adventures have just been published under the title "A Captain Unfraid," says that his most harrowing experience was during a trip made in the yacht Rambler with a cargo of sixty tons of dynamite. While crossing the Gulf of Mexico he encountered a terrific electrical storm that lasted twelve hours. Fearful that the cargo of the towing ship might get loose, Capt. O'Brien went down into the hold alone to investigate. "That was as ticklish a position as I have ever been in—with boxes of dynamite under and around me and the ship's timbers screaming and groaning like thousands of devils, crashing thunder, blinding lightning, a deluge of water above and outside a mighty sea that was tossing the vessel about like a washbowl."

Gen. Homer Lea, whose new book "The Day of the Saxon" is just published, and Archibald Colquhoun, author of "China in Transformation," have reached from different starting points some similar conclusions. Both, American and Englishman, see certain grave dangers to the Saxon race in Russia's slow but unchecked advance toward the sphere of Indian interest and in the immigration of Asiatic people into Australia.

Alice M. Herris, author of "The Children's Educational Theatre," is planning to deliver a number of illustrated lectures this summer showing the various features of her work among children. The book itself explains the book and the ambitions of the originators of this novel educational plan.

George Pattullo's book "The Sheriff of Badger," recently issued, has already survived a worse fate than any of his. It has been subjected by the critics. One night before it was published a severe windstorm swept through the part of Texas in which the author lives, carried away a part of his house and scattered the roof of the remaining portion. Mr. Pattullo says that it would have been easier to recover the lost pages.

Kate V. St. Maur, writer of books for the encouragement of women, the latest being "Making Home Life Profitable," has had a career through varying environments. She was born in Scotland, Falls, educated in England, became an actress, married an English actor and dramatist, left the stage and persuaded her husband to leave a New York flat and take a house in the suburbs. John St. Maur, her husband, died, but his widow still lives in a little Connecticut village, where she keeps poultry, raises fancy vegetables, sells honey from her own hives and watercress from her own brook and rubarb and asparagus from her own forcing beds in the cellar in the winter. The book she does a small business in canny birds.

Eleanor Atkinson, author of a recent Harper publication, "Greyfriars Bobby," has just received a letter from the secretary of the New York State Humane Education Committee stating that she considers the book in the lists of the most important animal stories and that she has determined to place "Greyfriars Bobby" in the list of books to be recommended to the schools for humane nature study and supplementary reading.

Mr. Ralfour, at a recent dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, devoted half an hour of eloquence to the seriousness of literature, but wound up his speech by boasting "the literature in particular which as a great cause in cheering me up." Common Mackenzie, the author of "Carnival," in reply said: "All literature cannot be cheerful, but nothing is more depressing than to see several pages of the daily press taken up every morning with the news of accident and death. W. B. Maxwell, the author of "In Cotton Wool," said: "What Mr. Ralfour says of literature the man in the street is asking of life—less gloominess, a wider rein, a fuller joy. We poor scribblers cannot give this. We must show him a sadder than his own, teach him to know reality when he sees it, and by thinking of others for a little while to forget himself. There is one thing better in this world than laughter, and that is truth."

As an old Yale athlete, Ralph D. Paine has kept up his interest in sport, and his latest book, "The Judgments of the Sea," just published by Sturgis & Walton Company, shows the keen delight the actor Dickens took in impersonating his own creations. "I consider the triumph of Edinburgh in the book on the occasion," the greatest that I have made. The city was taken by storm and carried. The Chimes shook it; "Little Dombey" blew it up. On the last two nights the crowd was immense and the turn away enormous. Everywhere, not only in the heard but praised. It was a brilliant victory, and could have been represented in no more money whatever. . . . My profit there was \$200."

Lieut. Arthur A. Clappe, whose "The Wind Band and Its Instruments" was recently published by the Holts, has been appointed one of a board of five to consider the collection of military music in the army. While in England there is a Royal Military School of Music, which has a close supervision of all the bands of the regular army, there is no similar institution as yet in the United States. It is the hope that the report of this commission may eventually lead to the creation of one.

Some of the letters in the hitherto unpublished collection, "Charles Dickens as Editor," recently issued by Sturgis & Walton Company, show the keen delight the actor Dickens took in impersonating his own creations. "I consider the triumph of Edinburgh in the book on the occasion," the greatest that I have made. The city was taken by storm and carried. The Chimes shook it; "Little Dombey" blew it up. On the last two nights the crowd was immense and the turn away enormous. Everywhere, not only in the heard but praised. It was a brilliant victory, and could have been represented in no more money whatever. . . . My profit there was \$200."

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